



Amorphous

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Relationships: Bill Denbrough & Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough/Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier/Original Female Character(s)

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Summary:

Modern AU. YouTuber!Richie. YouTuber!Bill. Richie Tozier fucked up big time. After a drunken night of having fun, his name is being slandered this way and that. However, an angel appears to sweep the Trashmouth off his feet. Bill Denbrough loves making speed arts of his favorite people on YouTube, and just so happens to be a huge fan of one Richie Tozier

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Pairings : Eventual Bichie

Warnings : NSFW themes, lots of cussing, Eddie freaking the fuck out, and a stutterless Bill

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Word Count : 1169

Richie grinned against the skin of his girlfriend's neck, hand trailing lower and lower down her clothed body. The air smelled heavily of booze, weed, and sweat. Loud bumps of vibrations shook the wall that Olivia was pressed against, and Richie wouldn't be able to hear her drunken moans if she wasn't doing it straight in his ear.

A part of his fuzzy mind told him that they shouldn't be doing this in the middle of a party, where everyone was walking around and could see them, but the other part told him to fuck all, and just do it.

His tongue pressed against a hot love bite on the girl's skin, hands trailing down to unbutton her shorts, before one slid down and between her legs. His lips met hers again, and he couldn't tell at this point if it was her hair tickling his face, or his own. The kiss was sloppy and tasted like vodka, tongues dancing together to a familiar song as his fingers sunk deep inside of her. Richie's favorite part about sex was how noisy it was, and it was severely lacking with how loud everything else was.

But that didn't stop him.

His thumb brushed over her clit with each thrust of his fingers, her moans being muffled heavily by his mouth. He pressed his body harder against her, and bent down to work at her neck again. She was fairly shorter than him, but he made it work always.

With his lips on her neck and his hand down her shorts, he hadn't even noticed the flash of a camera.

Bill licked his lips as he set up his camera. It felt a little awkward, as he definitely wasn't used to filming himself, but rather his hands. But he got it all setup and took a seat in a chair, the camera recording.

"He thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts." The first time through with no stuttering was awesome. For the most part, Bill did pretty good about not stuttering anymore. On occasion there were one or two words, but it was especially bad when he got angry.

"Hey, everyone. I know you weren't expecting to see my face, but rather a speed art of Johnny Depp, but today I decided to do something a little different. The thing is, one of my fellow YouTubers, Richie Tozier, has been dubbed a sexual deviant. There's...well, there's a lot of things being said about him right now." He paused for a moment, clearing his throat, "The point is, even though I've never met Richie myself, I know through his content that he's a good guy. It's very obvious the girl in the picture with him is his girlfriend, and it's not like it's illegal for him to be drinking at his age. If anything, I think the photographer should be punished for taking such a picture. They were both at a party, and at parties people get intoxicated, I'm not blaming him for it."

Bill licked his lips, and leaned back in his chair, "T-the things that I know people are going to say in response to this is that he shouldn't be doing things like this because it can influence the kids that are watching him. My answer will be that just because they see one person, of age, drunk doesn't mean they're going to start drinking underaged because it's cool. If anything I think everyone can take this as a learning experience. Don't get drunk around people you don't explicitly trust." Bill worried his lip for a moment, thinking.

“So, yeah, I think that’s what I wanted to say. And anyways, uh, today I’m going to do something special just for Richie. In this video there will be two speed arts of Richie, one for his music channel, and one for his vlog channel, and tomorrow you guys will get Johnny Depp. I’ll also be selling my two Tozier prints, and it’s first come first serve as always. So, see you all then.” Bill stood and turned off his camera. It was as good as it was going to get, really.

He sucked in a deep breath and moved to his computer to edit the videos together. He’d done his Richie drawings already, and at this point just needed the little intro. He wanted to show his support for the man. Richie Tozier was really fucking cute, regardless of his trashmouth and his girlfriend.

“Richie, are you fucking kidding me? Open the damn door!”

Richie rolled over in his bed with a loud groan, untangling himself from the white sheets of his bed. Bare feet padded through a kitchen and a living room before he turned the knob and opened the door.

“Do you know what people are saying about you?” His best friend, Eddie, asked.

“That I’m hot? Sexy? Too cute to handle?” He gave his boy a grin before turning away and heading to the bathroom to brush his teeth. His mouth tasted like shit.

“No, that you’re a fucking sex deviant!” Eddie followed after him, just as Richie knew he would.

“What the fuck are you talking about, Eds?” Richie rolled his eyes at the other’s dramaticism, and stepped over to the toilet to relieve himself.

Eddie turned to give Richie some privacy, “There’s a picture of you fingering Olivia all over the fucking internet, you fuck!” He hissed, his arms tight over his chest.

Those words had shocked him, and Richie was quick to look at Eddie, “What?” He asked.

“Yeah! Someone fucking saw you finger fucking her, which is gross might I add, and took a picture of it! Bev and I have been doing as much crowd control as we can, but it’s not fucking easy.” Eddie turned back to him, as Richie stepped over to the sink to brush his teeth and mull it all over.

“Buh Ih jus dohn gih ih.” Richie blubbered through the tooth brush.

“You know I can’t understand you when you put shit in your mouth.” Eddie huffed.

Richie spat in the sink, “I just don’t get it. Who would do that to me?” He turned back to continue brushing.

“I don’t know, dude. But it fucking sucks. I mean, a lot of your followers are backing you up, along with some other YouTuber’s, but it’s mostly parents that are pissed right now. Bev’s been getting calls from your sponsors too, some of them are pulling, and others are saying they’re right behind you with it all. Apparently some of them saw some video that changed their mind about the whole thing.”

Richie spit out his mouth wash, before turning to Eddie. “Well, let’s see this video, then.”

Still only clad in boxers, Richie leaned away from the laptop on his coffee table, and looked at Eddie. “He’s hot, *and* nice.” Richie grinned, which only earned him a punch from Eddie.

“Keep that shit to yourself. We don’t want a second scandal to come from this. Just get ready so we can film an apology video, and maybe you can mention this Billiam character. The more people that see his video, the more people are going to be on your side.” Eddie scowled.

Richie stood, and nodded, “Have you heard from Olivia today?” He asked as he moved to his bedroom.

“Yeah, she’s pretty livid, but not at you. She’s working on her own apologies at the moment.” Eddie followed Richie once more.

“This pretty much sucks. I hope it doesn’t ruin everything.” Richie knew he should have listened to that small part of his mind that had

told him that they shouldn't be messing around like that.

"If it does, it's your own damn fault. Now quit whining and put on your fucking pants."

His video about Richie Tozier had been getting a ton of good feedback. Honestly, it was more feedback than Bill was used too, but he had gained a ton of subscribers over the past few hours and it was...strange. Not to say that Bill didn't appreciate it, but he just hadn't been expecting it.

He got a notification on his phone that Richie had just uploaded, and dropped his pencil. It was an apology video. Bill was glad the other was owning up.

"What's up guys? It's ya boy-...I can't do my normal intro for this video, I'm sorry. So, anyways, I'm sure most of you know by now that I fucked up. I fucked up really bad. Sure, I'm twenty one, so it's okay for me to drink, but I shouldn't be messing around with my girlfriend in public like that, regardless of where I am or how intoxicated I am. I am absolutely so sorry for everyone who has seen the picture, or just witnessed it at the party. I mean, I literally can not apologize enough. I fucked up, I'm taking the blame for it, and I would like to move on from it if that's okay with everyone. For now I'm going to take a little break from my video's, just so my team can take a little bit of a break, but in about a week we'll be back to our normal uploading schedule. Thanks so much to everyone who's had my back during this whole thing. I also just wanted to give a huge shoutout to the YouTube account, BilliamDraws. He made some awesome speed arts of me, and has been making an impact on a lot of other people, so please go check him out. Take care everyone."

Bill's screen black, and the next video started loading, but he couldn't breathe. He couldn't fucking move a muscle because the man he'd been crushing on for years saw his video and fucking shouted him out. A new notification popped up on his phone, and none other than Richie Tozier followed him on Twitter.

Things were about to get interesting.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

Pairings : Eventual Bichie

Warnings : Some cussing, cute shit? Nothing really bad in this one

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Word Count: 1969

Should he message him first? What the hell would he even say? Should he say hi? Should he tell him he loves his music? Should he just wait for Richie to message him?

That seemed like a better idea.

If Richie wanted to message him he would.

Bill nodded to himself, and went back to his speed draw, feeling a bit silly because now he would have to edit that whole blank part out, and who knows how long he had been sitting there. His cheeks were flushing, but it wasn't like anyone was there to see him.

"Bill, c'mon dude, wake up."

"R-richie?"

"Not likely."

The deadpanned voice brought him from his dreams, and Bill sat up from his desk. He stretched his long limbs out as far as they would

reach, a soft yawn reaching his lips as he looked up at one of his room mates.

“What’s up?” Bill finally asked, standing from his desk. His back was stiff. He’d fallen asleep while working on a paper for class, and it was obvious he should probably get in bed.

“I’m getting you up for class. It’s time to go, man. Brush your teeth, put on some clothes. Mike is waiting in the car, so hurry.”

Stan’s words jolted through him, and he looked at the clock. A groan crawled up his throat and he moved to the bathroom to make himself presentable for the day. Within fifteen minutes, Bill was dressed, his hair was fixed, and his mouth minty fresh. He slung his bag over his shoulder and grabbed his long board before heading out of the apartment and down the stairs to Stan’s car.

Bill slid in the back and took the offered banana from Mike. “Thanks.” He grinned widely.

“Don’t worry about it Bill. We know you probably had a *long* night.” Mike snickers.

“Wha’?” Bill asked, through a mouthful of the fruit.

“Your twitter kind of exploded last night. Can’t believe you didn’t notice. That Trashmouth dude tweeted you. Or should I say your *future husband*?” Stan’s voice came from the driver’s seat

“Wha-?” Bill choked this time from shock.

Mike passed a water bottle back to Bill, who accepted it and took a generous drink.

He coughed a few times, and cleared his throat. “*Tozier* tweeted me?” Bill asked, just to be sure.

“Yes, dude. The guy you’ve been *totally* in love with since Freshman year tweeted you.” Mike rolled his eyes.

“Lay off, you guys.” Bill scoffed.

He was excited, but to deviate away from the teasing he didn't pull his phone out of his pocket to check, even though it felt like it was burning a hole in his khakis.

Bill finished his banana, and they made it to the school within minutes. The three of them said their goodbyes and went in separate directions.

Bill barely made it to class on time, but he had a few minutes to spare. He placed his long board near the door and took his seat. He pulled his phone out, his heart in his throat as he read all of the tweets.

@tmtozierecs: if you haven't checked out @billiamdraws speed art of me yet, do it!

There were a plethora of tweets in response, saying that they loved it, or that they were already fans of Bills, things like that. Of course, there were a select few that weren't very nice, but a lot of people seemed to have his back.

His DM box had a few messages in it, and he opened it. His eyes almost bulged from his head when he noticed that most of them were from Tozier himself.

tmtozierecs: hey, billy boy!

tmtozierecs: awh, too busy for me? :(

tmtozierecs: oh shit maybe ur asleep

tmtozierecs: no idea time zones n shit

tmtozierecs: well youd better answer me when you get up

tmtozierecs: ill be waiting

Bill snorted to himself. Even over text, the boy seemed to be off the wall. He was obviously a little crazy. All of the messages had been pretty close together, which sort of made him feel bad, but he had been asleep.

billiamdraws: hey dude!

billiamdraws: i was asleep

billiamdraws: not everyone is as successful as you and can live the rockstar life

billiamdraws: some of us have to go to college

He hoped that came off as teasing as he had meant it to be, really. His heart was pounding wildly because he had no fucking idea what he was doing. He was low key flirting because he knew the other had a girlfriend, but he didn't really know how to flirt in the first place, so it's not like it mattered much.

He stored his phone away just as the professor walked in to start their lesson. Today they were working on abstract arts.

Richie woke up to his phone buzzing, and he rolled over. The guitar pick around his neck was cold pressed between his bare chest and the mattress. He blindly groped for his phone, and picked it up. He pulled it close to his face, squinting, before answering.

"What's up, Miss Marsh?" Richie's voice was thick with sleep as he rubbed his eyes with his free hand.

"Things are looking better already, Rich. You're doin' good." Her bright voice came through the phone.

Richie grinned softly. "Come on over later and we can smoke then, yeah? You guys are supposed to be relaxing, *not* worrying about PR." He rolled back over onto his back as the body next to him shifted to curl into his side.

"We're always worrying about PR when it comes to you, Rich. You just can't keep your mouth shut. But yeah, I'll be over in a few hours. Love you, babe!"

"Love you too, baby." Richie hung up and dropped his phone back on his bedside table, before pressing a soft kiss to his girlfriend's head.

"I told you I don't like it when you call others baby." Her voice came muffled from his side, "Especially when it's Beverly."

Richie withheld the urge to roll his eyes, and smoothed her hair back, "And I've told *you* it's innocent. I've known Bev since I was like ten. If I wanted to be dating her I would have done so a long time ago."

Olivia huffed against his skin, and scooted up to be closer to his face, "I know, but she's just so pretty..I can't help but worry." She tells him, pressing her face into his neck.

Richie brushes his fingers down her back. "You have nothing to worry about, baby. You're gorgeous, okay?" He presses another kiss to her forehead, and reaches over to grab his phone again to look at the time.

"Don't you have a conference today?" He asks, squinting.

"Yeah, at one."

Richie chuckled a bit, "Did you bring your stuff to get ready here? Because you'd better start now."

She smacked his side. "I know you think I take forever to get ready but I totally don't!"

"It's almost ten. It takes you an hour to do your hair, and two to do your makeup. I know you better than you think I do." He shifts around to press a kiss to her lips.

She giggled very softly into the kiss. "Okay, let's go shower then, big boy." She nips at his bottom lip and moves to get out of the bed.

Richie shakes his head, but moves to get out of bed. He pulls his glasses on so he can see better, only to notice the notifications on his phone. "Go ahead and start it, babe. I'll be there in a minute."

He scrolls through his notifications on twitter, grinning at a few posts, before he moves over to his DM's. The one that caught his eye was Billiams. He opened it. A chuckle left his lips from the boy's words.

tmtozierecs: are you trying to flatter me, billiam?

tmtozierecs: because its working (;

tmtozierecs: i really just wanted to thank you for the video you posted

tmtozierecs: you sort of saved my ass in a lot of different ways

Richie put his phone down and hopped away to join his girlfriend in his shower.

Bill felt his phone buzz about ten minutes later, but did his best to ignore it. Mostly because he was painting and didn't want to ruin it, but also because his professor would literally kick you out of class if you had your phone out while doing an assignment...unless you needed it for a reference picture. Which this assignment didn't need a reference picture, otherwise he could totally get away with it.

It buzzed a few more times in his pocket, and he knew it had to be Richie. Stan and Mike never texted him multiple times, and if there was an emergency they would call him. They were pretty much the only two people he talked too. Once a night, he talked to his little brother Georgie, and few and far between were phone calls with his parents. He didn't mind it. He missed Georgie more than he did them anyways.

His phone buzzed one last time, and went still in his pocket. He was thankful for that, because he needed to focus on his painting.

After class was over, Bill placed his easel with the others in the corner to dry, and grabbed his long board to head to his next class. He zoomed past people easily, weaving in and out of the crowd as he skated all the way across campus for an advanced English class. Bill was double majoring in visual arts and creative writing. He hoped one day to write his own book and illustrate it. Who knew what kind of book it would be at this point, but that was his dream.

Upon entering his classroom, he left his long board near the door

again and found a seat. His fingers dug into his pocket for his phone and he pulled it out, an ear-splitting grin falling onto his features.

billiamdraws: definitely trying to flatter u!

billiamdraws: ive only been a fan forever

billiamdraws: i probably should have kept that to myself...

billiamdraws: anyways, its no problem really

billiamdraws: it was kind of ridiculous the amount of hate you were getting

billiamdraws: i was just trying to soften the blow

His cheeks were a little red from admitting that he was a fan of Richie, but he was sure it was obvious. He shook his head a bit and put his phone down to pull out his supplies for class.

“So, how’s it going?” Stan’s teasing voice came from next to him, as the other male dropped into the chair. “With Richie, I mean.” The smirk was more than evident on his face.

“Why are you in here? This isn’t your class.” Bill huffed, ignoring the questions all together.

“I just thought I’d drop by. I still got ten minutes, and my class is next door...so spill, gay boy.” Stan pushed his arm.

“I’m not gay, Stan. I’m pansexual.” Bill rolled his eyes, thoroughly irritated with the boy.

“Yeah, yeah, sorry. So, spill.”

Bill rubbed his forehead and turned to look at his friend. “It’s fine. He’s being nice, I’m being nice. He has a girlfriend, so it’s not like that.” Bill chews on the inside of his cheek. “I don’t want to be seen as the guy who wrecked YouTube’s cutest couple anyways.” He scratched awkwardly at his neck.

Stan scoffed, “As if Richie and Olivia are YouTube’s cutest couple.

Everyone knows that's David and Liza. Don't fret so much. I'm just teasing you anyways." Stan reaches up to ruffle Bill's hair. "I'll catch you at lunch, lover boy." He grins and stands, "And play nice, alright?"

"Yeah...alright."